

# THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

## Boys' and Girls' Department

**Rules for Young Writers.**  
Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.  
Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
Original stories or letters only will be used.  
Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

### POETRY.

#### WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a little girl like you,  
I'd know what I should do.  
I'd run a race with the swiftest breeze,  
I'd sing duets with the birds in the trees,  
I'd laugh with the brook and smile  
With the sun;  
From early dawn till day was done,  
I'd be busy with my own fun.  
But laugh and sing and sing,  
I'd be busy with my own fun.

If I were a little girl like you  
I'd know what I should do.  
Each day that came to me I'd fill  
With kindly thought and sweet good  
will;  
I'd keep each hour that hurried by  
With joyful helpfulness, so high  
I'd overflow all down the years,  
And banish care and foolish fears.  
And like the cooling, healing dew,  
Give strength and cheer life's whole  
day through.

If I were a little girl like you,  
That's what I'd do!  
Mary M. Parks.

#### DICKY BROWN.

Levella C. Poole.  
In driving through a country town  
One day, we called on Mrs. Brown.  
A farmer's wife, and as we three  
Were sitting on the long settee,  
That stood upon the porch outside,  
A rooster marched with pompous  
stride.

Across the porch, and fluttering  
His handsome plumage, with a spring  
Upon the seat he nudged down,  
Quite close beside Mrs. Brown.

We were amazed to see this sight—  
A rooster there as though by right  
Of eminent domain. Then said  
The farmer's wife: "This fowl we  
bred.

Here on the place: when but a chick  
He threw his wing out—'tis a trick  
Of fowl you know. He seemed dis-  
troubled.

With pain and fright; at last I caught  
The little chance and set him free.  
'Twas simply out of joint—poor thing!

"Well, from that day he followed  
me.  
Just like a dog continually.  
Whether indoors I am or out  
My Dicky follows me about.  
His favorite seat is this settee,  
Cuddled up very close to me.  
And sometimes right within my lap  
He settles down and takes a nap.

Now, the nicest bird in town,  
Isn't you, old Dicky?" said Mrs.  
Brown.

**UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.**  
If I do not tell you perhaps no one  
else will that keeping cool is one of  
life's greatest accomplishments.

It does not do for any one to work  
or play in the summer sunshine until  
they are over-heated, because it im-  
pairs their health and may destroy  
their usefulness in life.

We should all have a care not to be

undone by our ardor or our folly.  
It is just as important in moments  
of excitement to keep cool, or we can-  
not do right by ourselves or for any  
cause in which we may be enlisted.

Now to keep cool, you see, we must  
have self-control so as to do what  
is right; and we cannot do what is  
right unless we are sane and safe; and  
people who through anger or fear be-  
come upset are neither safe nor sane.

A bad temper is just a bad and in-  
jurious habit; and the grown-up who  
has frequently to say: "I wish I  
wasn't so quick tempered!" has done  
and never will do anything to make  
himself sweet tempered.

Strange, isn't it, that the one who  
accomplishes most in life, or enjoys  
most, must not be too mild, or too  
severe.

You see self-control requires that  
you and I should never be too cross  
or too mild; but that we should keep  
so as to be just toward ourselves as  
well as toward others.

Some professing good people are so  
proud of their righteous indignation  
that it is always unrighteous; and it  
is right to be in the habit of doing  
right without temper, for right can-  
not be made better by the addition of  
a human weakness, and that is what  
all temper is, although good nature is  
sometimes called good temper.

People who know see that indigna-  
tion, indignation and wickedness are  
three steps in the wrong direction;  
and being calm and cool and sweet are  
three steps toward the peace which  
surpasses understanding.

**THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.**  
—Marie Tomans of Norwich—The  
Boy Scouts for Home Protection.  
—Vincent Joy of Plainfield—The  
Auto Boy's Quest.

—Loranda Hebert of Plainfield—  
Mary Jane's Kindergarten.  
—Paul Kannenberg of New London—  
The Boy Scouts in Service.

—Eleanor Daniels of New London—  
The Boy Scouts in Service.  
—LeGrand Wilbur of New London—  
Two Ways to Become a Hunter.

—Eloise C. Smith of Norwich—  
Bertha's Summer Boarders.  
—Isabelle Howard of New London—  
Red Cross Girls in the British Trenches.

The winners of prize books living in  
the city may call at The Bulletin busi-  
ness office for them at any hour after  
10 a. m. Thursday.

**LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.**  
Helen Bates of Plainfield—I thank  
you very much for the prize book I re-  
ceived entitled "The Boy Scouts in  
Turkey." I have read it and find it very  
interesting indeed, as are all the books  
you have sent me.

Dorothy Tholen of Plainfield—I thank  
you very much for the prize book you  
sent me, Lucia Rudini Somewhere in  
Italy. I have read and enjoyed it.

**STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.**  
A Fairy Story Dream.  
It was a beautiful day. The sun had  
risen high in the sky and was shin-  
ing brightly down upon a little girl

walking among the trees. This girl's  
name was Helen. She was thinking  
of what the other girls had told her  
about seeing fairies in these same  
woods.

She sat down and feeling sleepy she  
leaned against a tree. Suddenly she  
was much surprised to feel something  
open behind her. Turning around she  
saw a little creature no bigger than  
a flea standing in the doorway of a  
little door.

Suddenly she felt herself grow  
small, and heard a voice say, "My  
dear, you are in Fairyland. I am  
Helen. You have been changed," continued  
the queen, "into one of ourselves, and  
you are a princess. You were stolen by  
a dwarf from your home."

"Oh, you don't, my dear queen, I am  
here!" and standing in the doorway  
stood a very ugly looking dwarf. Then  
he cried, "Come with me," to Helen.  
Before she could think she was in  
a castle with the dwarf in front of her.  
You shall stay here," he cried,

"and before he could say more he  
threw the chalk for me before tomor-  
row. And next you've got to do all my  
arithmetic for me this week, and do  
them correctly, or I'll tell you."

"Yes, Willie," answered the poor lit-  
tle fellow.  
The next day Willie came to school  
with two papers. The first one was a  
copy of the chalk for me before tomor-  
row. And next you've got to do all my  
arithmetic for me this week, and do  
them correctly, or I'll tell you."

"Thank you," said Willie.  
That night when Willie's father  
came home he gave Willie two dollars  
for having won the medal. And the  
next day Willie bought himself a store  
broom, and coming out of a bare  
house he said:

"Gee! He's lucky I had that chalk to  
throw at the teacher!"  
LORANDA HEBERT, Age 11.  
Plainfield.

**The Young Outlaw.**  
The midnight stage came in the lit-  
tle town of Devil's Cluck and reported  
about the killing of Pike's Turn. When  
they were asked for a description of  
the ones who held them they said  
that it must be a boy of about 15, as  
a very big man, made out of twigs,  
ragged and grizzled. The mother bird  
lays three or four eggs of a bluish-  
purple color.

The waxing is a very useful bird,  
as it eats all sorts of insects and has  
been known to eat thousands of these  
pests in the tree singling its whis-  
pering song, crest in the air, and as  
they sit in a row they look like some  
ancient and solemn court.

It sits in the tree singling its whis-  
pering song, crest in the air, and as  
they sit in a row they look like some  
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**Jim, the Boy Scout of America.**  
Jim belonged to the Boy Scouts for  
one year, but he did not have the suit.  
This was his second year and he was  
going to have his suit. Then they told  
him to go to camp and rest for a while  
till they went to another camp.

The German scouts were there with  
their aeroplanes in the air.  
The scouts had all the fire lit up  
in the air and Jim was looking up in  
the air he spied an aeroplane. He  
called to the other men and they went  
in the trench.

The Germans went to tell their men  
but when they came back they could  
not find the place, because Jim had  
put out all the lights and they were  
scared when they heard  
the aeroplanes humming in the air.  
Jim said to them: "Don't make any  
noise and they won't hear you and they  
can't destroy our camp."

The scouts kept still for quite a long  
time then the noise of the flying ma-  
chines was not heard. Jim lit up the  
fire and were still for the rest of  
the night.

When the war was over Jim was the  
first to have his discharge and beside  
him had won the Cross de Guerre and  
went home happy and lived happily  
afterward.

**BEATRICE HEBERT, Age 12.**  
Plainfield.

**How Willie Got His Baseball Suit.**  
One day as Willie Duly sat on his  
seat at school he happened to look up  
and he saw that the teacher's back  
was turned toward him. In his hand  
he had a small piece of chalk which he  
had found. He was a very mischievous  
boy and no sooner had he thought of  
throwing the chalk at the teacher than  
he threw it. It hit her squarely on the  
head, quick as a flash she turned  
round.

"Who threw that chalk?" she asked  
angrily.  
One little boy raised his hand and

said, "Willie Duly threw it. I saw him  
do it."

"Well," said the teacher, "for your  
punishment you shall have to write 'I  
saw Willie Duly throw the chalk for  
me before you came back to school to-  
morrow.'"

"Yes," replied Willie meekly.  
The next day after school Willie did  
not go home right off, but waited at  
the corner of a house till the boy who  
had told on him came by. When he  
did come by Willie gave him a punch  
in the eye, saying, "You'll squeal on  
me, will you? Well, I'm going to give  
you a licking harder than I did just  
now if you don't do like I tell you."

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**The Price of Liberty.**  
It was in the early morning of a day  
during the war, when George Wash-  
ington Asbury was ordered to bomb  
an important place behind the German  
lines. He was soon up in the air and  
speeding away toward the insignifi-  
cant-looking farm house which he was  
to bomb. He rose until he was just  
above the place, but up almost to  
the bigger clouds. Then he dropped  
something out of his plane and watch-  
ed with satisfaction the explosion  
which followed. Turning his machine  
back toward home he chuckled to  
himself, "Well, I guess it's the last  
time that old place does any more  
monkey-tricks with the Americans.  
We've finished 'em, sure, this time."

Then he gave a start, for the Ger-  
man artillery had opened fire on him.  
He began to soar upward, hoping that  
he would be out of range before they  
"got him." The shells were flying  
thick and fast around him. One ex-  
ploded quite near, and he felt the  
wind it made as it nearly scraped his  
cheek. Then there was a crash, and  
he knew that the plane was hit.  
Down, down it came. Willie was  
ever so. He pulled on the brakes, but  
it did little good. Down, down,  
down, and then it seemed as though  
the whole world had suddenly fallen  
on him. The crashing noise seemed  
far, far away—how black everything  
was—it must be night—and he was  
lying in a dirty bed beside many  
other drier ones. Somebody was  
talking in a guttural language which  
he could not understand.

He was in a German prison camp  
hospital. The men around him were  
of many nationalities. There were  
only two Americans here, but many  
Englishmen and Frenchmen. They  
all looked worn and ill-cared-for.

George asked, over from his fall.  
There were no bones broken—just a  
dull ache. In a few days he was able  
to leave the hospital for the regular  
quarters. He found them even more  
dirty.

"If this isn't a streak of bad luck!"  
he complained. "They always said I  
was lucky because I was born on  
Washington's birthday. I don't think  
it's much luck that got me in this aw-  
ful place."

Day by day he thought of plans for  
escape. Day by day he gathered small  
stores of food together in hiding-

places. He bought a map from one  
of the guards, and a compass from a  
Russian soldier. All sorts of little  
things that were very necessary he  
procured, and hid them away for the  
time when he intended to make his es-  
cape.

One night he decided to make  
a break for liberty. George rang up his  
manager supply of the wall food the  
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around the camp was covered with  
spikes, but he had always climbed  
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heard a shout behind him, and a bul-  
let whistled past his ear. It was fol-  
lowed by others, and still more.

George tried to run in a zigzag  
course, but they started the search-  
light on him. He stumbled and fell.  
There was a sharp pain in his left  
arm.

The Germans stopped shooting, think-  
ing that they had killed him. He  
rose up quickly and ran away into the  
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DOING HER BIT, BY Vivian Miner of Yantic.

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arm.

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ing that they had killed him. He  
rose up quickly and ran away into the  
night.

A few months later a man, dressed  
in peasant clothes, with one arm  
hanging limp, arrived across the bor-  
der in Switzerland. His eyes were  
wild; he was thin and sickly looking.  
He said his name was George Asbury.  
He told the people that he had escaped  
from a prison camp. The people gladly  
gave him shelter, and sent him to a  
hospital to have his arm cared for.

Months later George Asbury, with one  
arm hanging limp, arrived in New York.  
He told a harrowing story of starving  
and cold, of running between rifle-  
bullets that were like a shower of  
stinging hail. Then he looked at his  
empty left sleeve.

"Somehow I think it was worth the  
price," he said. "It was hard to give  
it up, but I guess my lucky birthday  
helped, because it might have been  
my right arm. It was a big price, but  
I'm glad I paid it."

**ELOISE C. SMITH.**  
Norwich.

**A Naughty Mouse.**  
Once there lived in the cellar of a  
yellow house a family of mice. The  
mother went out at night to get her  
food, because if she went in the day  
somebody might see her and  
drop her on the floor. He looked for  
me but could not find me. When he  
went out a boy picked me up. The  
boy went fishing one day and lost me  
in the river.

**LE GRAND WILBUR.**  
New London.

**My Birthday Party.**  
I was to be fourteen years old with-  
in two weeks. My mother and I had  
planned to have a party and invite  
all the schoolchildren.

Everything was to be decorated in  
pink and white. Even the curtains  
were to be pink and white. There was  
a large round table in the room  
where we were to eat. The white ta-  
ble cloth was embroidered with pink.  
When the children came most of  
them were dressed in pink or blue and  
white.

First we played games and then we  
went in. Cake was served on glass  
platters and ice cream in heart-shaped  
silver plates.

Then they were to try to find the  
post cards which were hidden around  
the house. There were tickets  
with which they could get a cold drink  
of lemonade in the dining room.

We played a few more games and  
eat a few more nuts, then they were  
excused to go home for it was 10 o'clock.

**LENA SCHWARTZBURG, Age 14.**  
Mansfield Center.

**COLCHESTER.**  
Oliver Woodhouse lodge, No. 51, K.  
of P. met in Pythian hall Tuesday  
evening. The following officers were  
elected for the ensuing year: Chan-  
cellor, Wm. T. Brown; R. A. Abel; vice  
chancellor, E. Buell Porter; prelate,  
William Curgenven; master of work,  
Samuel L. Stern; master at arms,  
Samuel Friedman; inner guard, Aris-  
mus F. Raper; outer guard, Daniel  
Goldberg; representative for two years,  
M. R. Abel; alternate for two years,  
E. Baker; trustee for three years,  
Samuel L. Stern. After the work of  
the evening a social hour was spent.  
Mrs. Sarah J. Bingham was the  
guest Tuesday of relatives in Norwich.  
Mrs. Lowell Wilcox was a visitor in  
Norwich and New London Tuesday  
and Wednesday.

M. R. Cogshall of Montville was a  
Colchester caller Wednesday.  
C. D. Barton and brother of East  
Hampton were callers in town Tues-  
day.

I Cohen motored to Norwich Wed-  
nesday.

**HADDAM NECK.**  
Charles Liddstedt was a week end  
visitor at the home of his mother, re-  
turning to Hartford Sunday evening.  
William Harvey Brainard and family  
motored to Glastonbury Saturday, re-  
turning Sunday evening.

Dr. Raymond preached Sunday  
morning in the Congregational  
church. His subject was The Science  
of All Sciences. Next Sunday morn-  
ing his subject will be Our Great  
Leader.

Six of the students at the public  
school will be graduated and be ad-  
mitted to the Middletown High school.

**Sinn Fein Leader Arrested.**  
Laurence Glinnell, Sinn Fein  
leader, member of Parliament for  
West Meath, who has just been  
arrested on charges made in con-  
nection with a speech delivered by  
Athlone. Glinnell has had a stormy  
career. Until 1918 he sat in Parlia-  
ment as an Irish Nationalist. In  
1918 he served six months in prison  
in connection with some distur-  
bances in Ireland. He is author of  
the statement on the Irish question  
which Sinn Fein leaders have been  
endeavoring to present to the  
Peace Conference.

**A Good Chase.**  
Robert Burns was a boy who lived  
in New York. He had no parents but  
he made a living by selling papers  
and doing odd jobs.

Both as the boys called him, had a  
rival who always tried to beat him in  
the subway, and every new boy had

places. He bought a map from one  
of the guards, and a compass from a  
Russian soldier. All sorts of little  
things that were very necessary he  
procured, and hid them away for the  
time when he intended to make his es-  
cape.

One night he decided to make  
a break for liberty. George rang up his  
manager supply of the wall food the  
best they were given to eat in the  
camp, though, he watched for a  
chance. At last when the guard was  
being changed, he ran. The wall  
around the camp was covered with  
spikes, but he had always climbed  
fences, and got over fairly well. He  
heard a shout behind him, and a bul-  
let whistled past his ear. It was fol-  
lowed by others, and still more.

George tried to run in a zigzag  
course, but they started the search-